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JANUARY, 1917

NUMBER I

Friends of the Mission when in Paris should always consult the church notices in the Saturday (Paris) New York Herald for news of McAll Meetings.

The Mission has opened in Marseilles a hall for soldiers, called *Le Repos du Soldat*, with M. Néboit, formerly of Tourcoing, in charge.

Too late for other than this brief mention comes the word that Dr. Hastings Burroughs, of St. Etienne, who has given more than thirty-five years of volunteer service to the Mission, has been bereaved by the death of his son Lieutenant Hastings Burroughs, on the Field of Honor, near Saloniki.

The deepest sympathy of our readers will be extended to M. and Mme de Grenier-Latour in their long anxiety about their two sons. The elder disappeared in the early days of the war and has never been traced or heard from. The younger at last advices was at Saloniki. Though sad and deeply depressed they go bravely on with their important work in *Salle Centrale*. Let us all endeavor to support them by our prayers.

It is pleasant to read that our faithful evangelist at Nemours, M. Jérémie Cooreman, since the outbreak of the war a stretcher-bearer at the front, has been distinguished by a "citation" at regimental army-orders. *Le Christianisme* of October 25, from which we learn the fact, does not mention for what special act of heroism he was thus distinguished, but we have learned to know something of the dangers to which *brancardiers* are subject and the bravery with which they meet their hazardous duties.

The movable hall at *Carmaux* is utilized by M. Tricot, who has been working there since August, 1914.

The hall at *Tourcoing* is laid up, and is, we hope, intact. We look forward to the day when we shall once again be able to resume aggressive work in this suburb of Roubaix.

The movable hall at *Vannes* (long requisitioned by the authorities for the use of soldiers) has been restored to us, and M. Sainton is labouring there, cheered by finding almost all the faithful friends rallying round him. He goes to *St. Nazaire* in the motor as often as he can, and holds meetings in the small hall stationed there.

A remarkable illustration of the genuineness of the *Union Sacrée* was shown when Pastor Bianquis, having offered in the *Oratoire* after a sermon on The Family a wonderfully inspiring prayer, which was subsequently published, a certain parish priest wrote to him saying that he was using it in his daily services, and begging permission to republish it in his Parish Bulletin.

The Mothers' Meeting at *Salle Centrale* is maintaining its high level of usefulness to the religious life of the women who attend it. "There were about 80 yesterday," writes their American leader, "and such an interesting looking set of women!" Mme Mesny and the Baroness de Neufville have been asked by the director of the Mission to act as a committee for the disposal of articles sent to Pierre Levée for distribution.

In August a new association was formed in Paris, "The Union of Families of the Missing," designed to recover traces of soldiers who have not been heard from and minister to the needs of those who are discovered to be still living. Pathetic task, which comes very near home to us, who know of aching hearts among our most prized workers, because of beloved ones among the "Disappeared." President Poincaré, Prime Minister Briand, the Minister of War, are patrons of the society, its active president being Deputy Aristide Prat.

“Danger does not cease when you are made a prisoner,” writes our Paris correspondent. “Jean Cordey, son of Pastor Cordey, who used to help in our work, was made a prisoner near Fleury (Verdun) a few weeks ago. Being brought to the rear, he came under a fearful French artillery fire. We do not know whether he has survived it.”

“France has suffered greatly,” writes Mr. H. K. Archibald, Organizing Secretary of the English Auxiliary, “but her noble fortitude has won universal admiration. No wonder many are moved to contribute to her wants at this time of strife and stress. The object of our work, however, is to maintain the message of the Gospel throughout these stormy days. There may be many opportunities for philanthropic effort at such crises, yet the Gospel only can meet the profoundest need. The very best that we can give is the Gospel, for that is the very best that we have. Let us then seek by every means possible to extend the Kingdom of Christ, for now is a time of opportunity that calls for prayer and service.”

M. THÉOPHILE LOCKERT, LAY-EVANGELIST

The Mission, and especially its work in Amiens, has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Monsieur Théophile Lockert who for fifteen years has been in charge of our station in that city, on the very verge of the invaded district. He died on September 29, at the age of 65 years, and leaves a large family of sons, daughters, grandchildren and other near relatives—to mourn his loss. One of his sons, a pastor, and corporal in the hospital department, being in charge of a temporary hospital in Amiens, was happily able to attend his father in his last illness; another son is a sergeant in the army, a third is in the Royal Flying Corps of the British Army, and a fourth is a prisoner of war in Germany. A noble record of family loyalty to place beside the years of service of this Christian layman in the *Mission Populaire*. At M. Lockert's funeral M. Guex, Pastor Bruce of Amiens (now a Chaplain in the Army), and Pastor Bazin, temporarily in charge of the Protestant parish in Amiens, took part. Our work in that city, though sorely bereft, is not forsaken, Pastor Bazin having undertaken its care.

A WORD IN SEASON FROM ENGLAND

Mr. William Soltau, formerly Treasurer of the Mission, but since then for many years in charge of its interests in Great Britain, writes in the *London Record* for October:

We have had a goodly sum contributed for the War relief work, chiefly from the United States and Canada, and this has enabled us to carry on the much-needed material help in Paris and in several provincial towns. For all this one cannot be too thankful. God has indeed cared for our dear friends in France, and enabled us to do something for the relief of many of those so cruelly tried.

Thus we go forward with renewed hope. But we would impress upon all our friends that we need the *continuance of their support*. When once the land is freed from the invader and the work can resume its normal development, the claims on all sides will be immense. There will be urgent need to extend and to "intensify," as M. Nick says, our work of evangelization. Unique opportunities will arise for Gospel work; the ground will be in a special way prepared for great forward movements; and our close alliance with France, and our excellent relations with its people, will make it easier than ever for *British Christians* to carry on the work of the McAll Mission, which was begun by them after the War of 1870. So of all that has been done in the past forty-four years of patient and steady evangelization, one can see in the future an abundant reaping-time at hand.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The sorrows of war come home to us in a peculiar way when we read of one of our volunteer teachers in M. Merle d'Aubigné's *école de garde*. "I was to marry her last Tuesday to an officer whom she met in Morocco, a Protestant whose father lived at Chatillon-sur-Loire. Two days before she told me he had been sent to Verdun, côte 304, one of the worst places, next to Mort Homme. Poor girl! She is an orphan, a pretty and charming girl, and has not a relative in the world. If he is killed!"

CHAPLAIN NICK IN PARIS

H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ

A very pleasant feature of the inauguration of the new working season was a visit from our good friend, M. H. Nick. He did not come for pleasure, however. He has been wounded on the Somme. One machine-gun bullet went through his left wrist, another through his pocket-book that was on his chest but, thank God, went in and out of his coat without hurting him.

A few days before he was roving around the battlefield, looking for a Protestant officer and helping the wounded, when suddenly eight German soldiers, who were hiding in a "gourbi" (underground burrow) about three hundred yards from the German trenches, emerged. Our friend had no weapon and instinctively caught hold of his pocket-knife, which would have been a poor protection! But the Germans were not in a warlike mood. Instead of shooting him down like a rabbit, they held up their hands and surrendered to him, thinking that he was an officer. He took them in charge and, seeing that they had not the slightest wish to run back into the German lines, he sent them about to pick up wounded soldiers and carry them to the rear. But before they got there, they came under a tremendous German curtain fire and had to hide in a quarry to save their lives. M. Nick remained there with his eight prisoners and the wounded soldiers from dusk till five o'clock in the morning. On their way to the cantonment they buried several German soldiers who had been killed by the fire of the German artillery. This happened near Maurepas, Somme.

M. Nick, who already had the war cross, has been awarded the Legion of Honor for his gallant conduct. His picture appears in *L'Illustration* of September 16th. He is now at the Ritz Hotel ambulance and M. Guex invited him and the members of the Paris Committee to lunch last Tuesday at the Central Building. The meeting was very cordial although our guest of honor came late from the hospital with his arm in a sling. America was represented by Dr. Hiatt, M. M. Bach, Beigbeder, Bonnet, Couve, Greig and your correspondent were also there. M. de Grenier-Latour was un-

fortunately ill at the Y.M.C.A. summer home at Chaintreauville, near Nemours, where he was superintending a fresh-air colony of McAll boys.

M. Nick told us many interesting details about the awful battles before Verdun and near Peronne, of which he has been an eye-witness. He said that the work of an army chaplain is fearfully solemn because one by one his soldier-parishioners are all killed. One mourned over the first who fell, rejoicing that there remained some, but alas, their turn came also. Men are wounded often four times before getting their death blow. And yet there is no possible doubt that what began by brute force must end by brute force. It would be bad if it ended otherwise because the adversary who has believed in and taught the usefulness, glory and holiness of brute force can only unlearn what he has believed and taught by suffering from brute force, and because if he did not unlearn it, the whole awful calamity would begin over again in a few years. So the tragic slaughter of the best of our men must still go on.

The work of a Protestant chaplain in the French army is all the more difficult, since his religious work must, nominally at least, be confined to Protestants; and finding these out is very much like seeking for needles in a haystack. Our friend emphatically expressed his thankfulness that the soldiers to whom he ministered mostly came from districts where energetic evangelical work has been carried on for the last fifty or sixty years, the industrial and mining centers of Northern France. He has beheld many beautiful fruits of the Gospel and told us that he is received with the greatest friendliness by Roman Catholic or free-thinking officers who have Protestant soldiers in their battalions or companies. These, they say, are perfectly to be trusted and many have risen to be non-commissioned officers on account of their bravery. Alas, very often their nomination signs their death warrant!

A journalist said in yesterday's paper: (September 19) "*Le soldat français peut se passer du nécessaire, du superflu jamais.*"* There is a great deal of truth in this. For some

* The French soldier can do without things necessary, but never without superfluities.

the *superflu* will be a pack of cards; for others the good authors of French literature. M. Nick loves books, and one that the Christian soldiers appreciate greatly is the biography of Hudson Taylor. But there are some of those simple-minded fellows who find all that they need, relaxation, advice, encouragement, in the Bible and stick to that alone. Several of these men are real missionaries and have gathered around them a little nucleus of like-minded comrades, who before the war were quite indifferent to religion. Very naturally he met men who, being Christians and Protestants, have all sorts of peculiar ideas. One was converted by a spiritualist and firmly believed that he saw a Bible rising into the air by levitation, without touch of hands. This "miracle" convinced him. On other points he is perfectly orthodox. Others are strongly convinced of the immediate return of our Lord, as were our Huguenot ancestors in the great persecution days. Stray Plymouth Brethren from the South discover to their wonder that a pastor is not a minister of Satan. Some have come to the point of aspiring joyfully after death, like St. Paul (2 Cor. 5:8). One wrote to Nick that it was no doubt because he was not yet near enough to the Lord that he had not yet been taken, and seems to expect that when he has progressed in sanctification his time will come.

M. Nick's intercourse with his Roman Catholic colleagues is always courteous. Several have been killed. He believes that there will be a tremendous work to do after the war, but that it will be a hard job for Protestants on account of the enormity of our losses that hit us much more badly than the Roman Catholics and perhaps also because the soldier-priests having behaved manfully, a certain superficial Romanism will be less unpopular after the war than before. Whatever may be the difficulties of the future, it is not for a sect, it is for Christ that we are working and there will always be thousands in France who will not be taught or have their children taught by a man who wears a cassock, and many who knowing no other teacher of religion are distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd.

After lunch a photo was taken of our group, which M. Guex will send you. You will see there M. Nick's boy, who

is a military engineer and got six days' holiday to see his wounded father plus two days for his Legion of Honor. Madame and Mlle Nick have both been very ill. Our friend



Standing (from left to right): Rev. C. W. Hiatt, D.D., Paul Nick, Mr. H. Merle d'Aubigné, Rev. E. Bonnet.
Seated: Rev. Charles E. Greig, Mr. O. Beigbeder, Rev. B. Couve, Chaplain Henri Nick, Rev. H. Bach, Rev. Henri Guex.

hopes to be with them soon at Marseilles. I forgot to say that M. Bach presented M. Nick with a new pocket-book to take the place of the one that had been destroyed on his chest.

During the stay of *La Bonne Nouvelle* at St. Léger-sur-Dheune, as noted in the November RECORD, several teachers, some living four or five miles away, came as regularly as they could, and several purchased Bibles. A woman who used to attend the meetings when the Boat was there more than two years ago, was dying of a terrible illness. She was visited by a young woman, who was converted at that time, and who was able to lead the poor sufferer to the Saviour. In the midst of her acute pain peace has filled her soul.

AS PASTOR NICK DESCRIBED IT

September 5, 1916.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am wounded, but God has been good to me. My life is not at all in danger. A ball from a mitrailleuse has shattered the two bones of my left wrist, and I shall doubtless be laid aside for three months. The day after my wound I realized the danger to which I had been exposed when I found the pocket book I carry over my left breast riddled from end to end by another ball. I only wish that no one were wounded more seriously or dangerously than I! But I long to see the end of these butcheries!

A few days before this, the Legion of Honor was asked for me and was given me because, finding myself face to face with eight Germans, I made them prisoners and utilized them to carry in the wounded from a difficult position. I am not proud of this. I have no reason to be, for now every one does his duty, and those who do it in obscurity have the more merit. It is a little sad to reap honors where others only find suffering, tears and sorrow! Those who deserve honor are those who fall, giving their lives! But I am very grateful notwithstanding this. I find myself a spoiled child (*enfant gâté*)!

Ask God to give me grace when and where it is needed, to carry my cross. This is the hard thing, but the honor of this does not vanish. I feel myself a Christian most unworthy of all these blessings and of this life which is preserved to me. What a responsibility! Thank God with me.

Your friend and brother,

HENRI NICK

We have in our Sunday and Thursday schools Jewish children of two classes—Russian and Polish Jews, dirty, ignorant, miserable—and Spanish Jews, who have brought with them some dignity and distinction in manner, learnt from the Arabs and Visigoths, like the Spaniards, and their contact with the Turks, the only “gentlemen” in the Balkan Peninsula, has only increased this superiority.

WORKS OF GRACE IN FIVES-LILLE

Translation of a letter from Mme Emelie Dubois, whose husband died at Lille of typhoid fever after the occupation by the Germans, and who never saw his four months old baby.*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON AUXILIARY, DEAR MADAME:

Mme Nick not being yet quite strong, and her daughter on the eve of her examinations, I write to give you news of them, and of Pastor Nick and the friends at Lille. To do this is for me a pleasure and a duty. Every time I hear of your interest in the cause of Evangelization in France, and especially at Lille, I have an intense desire to tell you of my gratitude, of my joy, and also to send you an appeal for all those who, not yet having heard the true Gospel, need loving care and help, as you give it at Fives.

Let me, then, I beg of you, speak to you from an open heart, of them, and of myself. I myself am not entirely unknown to you, for it was of my husband that Mr. Nick wrote you in his last letter, when he told you of the death at Lille, last December, of a young Professor, far from his wife and his four months' old baby, whom he had never seen. My husband was much interested in all the work of the *Foyer*, and had given his heart to this work, which won his enthusiastic interest as soon as he knew of it. He and I both received from the *Foyer* immense spiritual help, and on this account permit me to tell you a little about ourselves. In this way I can show you the good a work of this kind does, both for the students and for Roman Catholics, to whom religion does not bring the good needed by their minds and hearts.

When seventeen years old my husband gave up attending his church, while yet not wishing to live without some aim. But nothing human could satisfy his thought, his aspirations. He was very fond of mathematics, loved sports, read enormously, interested himself in a thousand things; but nothing

* M. Nick writes thus of M. Dubois: Professor Dubois, a grand soul, a remarkable mathematician, who was congratulated on his attainments by Professor Appell, the first French mathematician. He lived only to work for God in entire consecration. He was the great hope of our work in the *Foyer*, and among the students. We have not suffered such a heavy blow before.

really satisfied him. The study of *Les Pensées* of Pascal made a profound impression on him, and he came, through his own thought, to the conviction that he must give the entire direction of his life to a God who has made a direct revelation of Himself to man, with only a divine Mediator. For a Protestant it is easy to understand that Christ is this Mediator set forth in the Gospels—but you cannot imagine how difficult it is for a Catholic to understand this, to whom Christ has been veiled, and who has never been able to read freely the Word of God. He passed through hours of the deepest despair; it was at this time that he first met my brother, and they had long discussions together.

One day they met in one of the main streets of Lille a colporteur who was selling "Protestant Bibles." They bought one "because it was cheap and a good bargain." I begged my brother to get me one. I had to insist, in order to get it, for my brother said he "did not see what a young girl wanted with *that* book." How many times since, in recalling all this Book has been to us and the revolution it made in our lives, my brother has reproached himself for having so spoken, but it will explain to you how utterly ignorant earnest and serious young people were about the contents of this book. At this time I was no longer content with my religious belief. Our mother, a very pious Roman Catholic, had herself given to us the need of, and the desire for, a religion. Though I was studying hard to enter the superior Normal School at Sèvres, I could not prevent myself from suffering from doubts and the emptiness of a life that had nothing solid on which to lean, nothing to direct life by. I did not, however, at this time detach myself from the church, but put aside as much as possible all the forms that hid God from me, and tried in every possible way to get light.

It was at that time I first met my future husband. He showed me the place Christ should hold in my life. He only should be my Master, and I should go to Him, without any intermediary, with all my thoughts and all my heart. In this spirit I read the Bible brought me by my brother, and with the first pages of the New Testament came light, and also the overthrow of all my former life. My brother and I made

a clean sweep of our former ideas and manner of life, desiring to carry out to the letter the teachings of the Master. We thought we were the only ones in the world who wanted to know absolutely the will of God, and to put it in practice! We did not know a single Protestant! We lived in Armentières, a little industrial city seventeen kilometres from Lille. My brother was a medical student at Lille, and I was a teacher at the Girls' Lycée, having studied for three years at the Lycée of Besançon. Can you believe that young people, eager to find religious truth, and asking every one around them capable of giving religious help, could not find one Protestant coming in search of them? We met the opposition of our relatives, of our professors, but nothing could stop us; an overwhelming joy filled our hearts, we had found Christ, and our activity was irresistible. We could not meet a friend, or even a stranger, without telling of our transformation, without asking him to think for himself on all these questions. Many were interested, some gained.

One day I went with a young girl to the Temple and for the first time I was present at a Protestant service. It was a veritable revelation to me. Then there were those who went directly to Christ, who trusted in His Word, and took it as their rule of conduct! It was as if the gates of Heaven had opened before me. We had brothers in the faith! How I loved them! I wanted to tell them, to shout out to them that souls who had looked for truth with all their strength, and with no outside influence to aid them, had been constrained to accept the belief in which *they* had been reared, and also I longed to tell them how we had looked for them in our hours of doubt and intellectual suffering and despair, to ask them why they had not found us on our dark road, when we were looking for them.

We were not long left alone. I told my brother of what I had found, and the next Sunday he was at the Temple with his friend (afterwards my husband). When the meeting was over a man spoke to them: "You are no doubt students? Perhaps it would interest you to attend a meeting next Thursday held by students to discuss all kinds of subjects, scientific, literary, religious." This was dear Pastor Nick, and his invi-

tation delighted them. They attended the meeting and became devoted members of the Students' Club.

Two months later we were married, and were at once surrounded by M. and Mme Nick and their friends. Then we learned to know the "Protestant family." It will astonish you, but this was to us a real revelation, and we went from delight to delight. Could it be true on earth? There were then in the world persons in whose house, in the most prominent position, one saw these words: "Christ is the veritable Head of this house; silent Hearer of all conversations, invisible Host at all meals;" and where each day masters and servants, parents and children, united to hear the word of God, to pray and praise, and all were received as brethren.

Our joy reached its height when we learned to know the *Foyer du Peuple*. How can I tell you of our emotion on seeing the hall filled with workmen, and hearing them sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Some one then was going out after the poor, the neglected, the working classes, and those who sought them were the cultivated class, with hearts running over with love, who brought to the task all the aids education could offer! Would I could find words to express to you our joy in the days immediately following my conversion, the most beautiful days of my life, when I felt the presence of God living and moving here on earth.

Often in my present days of sorrow, I bless God for those days of joy, and continue to thank Him for having taken us out of our ignorance and given us a vision of Himself, and of the activity of His people in the world.

My husband loved the *Foyer* and gave it all his heart. He loved the companionship of all those fine workmen, loved to see the good accomplished in the souls of these simple men, when once they were reached by a pure Gospel, such as was preached by M. Nick. While desiring ardently to accept Jesus Christ as his Master, my husband before the war had not given himself utterly to Christ. He obeyed Christ, but his mind, so exact, so desirous of positive truth, felt yet a certain hesitation before certain religious problems. But as he attended the *Foyer* he came nearer and nearer to Christ, and during the war, in October, 1914, he took the decisive step. In the rare

letters I was able to obtain from him, he told me over and over again that his joy was without a cloud. He hoped, after this frightful nightmare was over, to work freely for the Master; consecrating to Him all his powers, and working for Him amongst his colleagues in the *Foyer*; and I know he could not have lived and not done this.

He has gone without realizing his dream, and since he is gone, I too must fail to realize mine! It is a cruel blow, but I must not murmur but think of the glory of that Light, which can even lighten the present gloom. Let me therefore thank you personally, that we, too, have enjoyed the beams of the Light shining from the *Foyer*, which you, of Boston, make it possible to send out. Let me thank you in the name of all these workmen, who without the *Foyer* would not know Jesus, or know Him only as a despot, and one they turned from, or served without understanding.

You know what the *Foyer* does for those who frequent it. You know of families completely transformed, you know of young families formed, by Pastor and Mme Nick. But do you know also the influence of the *Foyer* on the intellectual youth, on the students, the serious young people, Catholic and free-thinkers, brought by my husband successively to the church and then to the *Foyer*? On them the *Foyer* has more influence than the church. The Protestant service, the prayers, hymns, preaching, speak much, but the activity that is truly fraternal, the evidence of changed hearts, move them much more. For all the good done to these souls, for all the Light brought to us, thank you. For your love to us in the past, and now during this terrible war, and that we may count on you in the future, we give you infinite thanks. But you must do yet more. Do you realize your blessing and privilege, in that you can come to Christ freely, and have been able so to come since your childhood? And the liberty of conscience you have enjoyed for generations?

I have lived for twenty years at Armentières, close to Lille, and I can assure you that the workmen have never known Jesus Christ except hidden by Roman Catholicism, and when they throw away "religion" they have only "free-thought" with which to console themselves, with all its deceitful prom-

ises and errors. Now the war has ruined all this region, not a factory standing. It is poverty for those who fled, and poverty for those who remained, desolation and devastation, and no Christ to console them! At Fives-Lille is desolation and oppression under the yoke of the enemy. They are hungry, cold, and they die far from their loved ones, and unable to hear from them, but their hearts are fed, and nourished, and warmed by the Living Bread, and the Light shining from the *Foyer du Peuple*. None forget what they have seen and heard there, and if they go away, they return. From the barriers, from the trenches, the same word comes always, in the depths of the heart remains something from the *Foyer*. We have many witnesses to this. If after the war some Christians can be found who, touched by the anguish and suffering of these disinherited ones, are willing to go to them and carry the light, will you not also be ready to help them, brothers and sisters in America? Will you not help to spread this light? I have neither money nor talents to put at the service of the Master, but I feel it my duty to let you know how in France, especially in the North, we are deprived of the knowledge of Christ, the true Saviour, and to say there are hearts looking for the light, and meeting no one to help them. This is why I have written you at such length about myself.

I am very proud to tell you of our dear Pastor Nick, that for the second time he has been warmly congratulated by the Chiefs of the army. It is certainly a joy to our hearts and to yours to know of the many testimonies that come to us from the soldiers who love him as a father, and from their relations and friends, but it is also comforting to know that his superior officers acknowledge his rare value, especially when one remembers that they are either Catholics or free-thinkers. One of the French Reviews thus speaks of him, apropos of his last "mention in the order of the day of the Army Corps." "He went during a fierce bombardment of the enemy to within three hundred metres of their lines to gather up the wounded, perishing of cold and hunger, who expected only death in the coming implacable night." Mr. Nick was at Verdun during the terrible attacks of the past months.

Other reports tell us, that at the most critical moments, when every one was ordered to stay hidden in his hole, Mr. Nick could be seen going from one place to another looking for the wounded, carrying them water, guiding the stretcher bearers, going alone into deep ravines, to help the sufferers, as soon as he knew any place had been especially bombarded. "We saw only him," they said, "and of all the officers he remained longest in the posts of danger, with most perfect sangfroid." Mme Nick receives good news from him. It is a real miracle that he can thus pass through this terrible mêlé safe. No news from Fives since last December (1915). What hard days our dear friends there must be passing through! May we find them safe, and then with courage we will again take up our task. We count on your prayers, and your faithful affection. Oh, it is good to feel we are brethren, though separated by such vast distances.

Believe in my deep gratitude and my sisterly affection.

EMELIE D.—

M. Merle d'Aubigné writes of his son Maurice (mentioned in the November RECORD as having gone to the front): "I went to the Rosny-sous-Bois goods station to see the battery off. It was interesting to see the procession of eight huge 155 mm. guns with their muzzles decorated with foliage and flowers, slowly drawn by their tractors. Not a single horse. Fifteen minutes later came another procession of artillery vans, and, rushing at full speed in front, a motorcyclist with an officer in his sidecar; and I recognized my boy, a curious mixture of mediaeval and ultra-modern appearance, with his steel helmet, black leather cuirasse, "blue horizon" pants, revolver, and the little steel horse that feeds on oil. I have forgotten the pipe, that is becoming one of the insignia of the true 'poilu.' While the big guns and vans were being shipped on to the train I had several pleasant talks with Maurice and his comrades. A very nice lot of fellows, all of them very young looking. The captain is 28, lieutenant 23. Being a motorcyclist, Maurice is next to a non-commissioned officer. Out of the six men of his company sent to the front a month ago one remains, one is killed, one wounded. May the Lord be with him!"

WAR-TIME WORK AT NICE

[Adapted by M. William Soltau from M. Arnold Malan's Report.]

At the beginning of the mobilization, the city on the *côte d'azur* became filled with troops, necessitating special camps. Seeing so many young men wandering about in the streets as if in search of some diversion, M. and Mme Malan were not long in arranging special meetings. These were held three times a week, and at first they secured an average attendance of about eighty. A slight disposition to giggle on the part of a few was soon suppressed, and a spirit of seriousness grew with an understanding of the preacher's solemn aims. There were not lacking such as crossed themselves devoutly at prayer-time.

On one occasion one could almost see a shiver of emotion running through the audience when a soldier sang a solo—"The Creed of the Peasant"—a popular, patriotic song expressing determination to devote all—possessions, sons, and, if need be, life itself for the welfare of the country; and at the very gates of death to repeat boldly: "I believe in Thee, God Omnipotent, Thou who hast made the creature; I believe in Thy greatness, I believe in Thy goodness."

That the efforts set forth did not remain fruitless is being proved by many a letter from the front. Just one example: "We have met several comrades of Nice in the battle. After supper in the evening we meet together in the field, sing hymns, read the Bible, pray, talk, and then, with peace in the heart, go to sleep. I have often noticed that if any of us appeared gloomy on arrival, he soon lost the blues, and by the time we separated was calm and contented. These friendly meetings do us a lot of good."

One day about thirty Senegalais came rushing in, while Sunday School was going on, to the great delight of the children, all anxious to make friends with Africa's dusky sons, for whose benefit the story was being told of how Jesus appeased the storm. They listened attentively. At the close of the meeting little keep-sakes were distributed among them in the form of pictures, representing Jesus in Oriental garb. "*C'est un marroccain*,"* remarked one of them, and he grew

* "He is a Moroccan."

quite interested when the missionary endeavored to impart to him a little of the truth this picture represented. He and his comrades promised to come again, but on the following Sunday they were already on their way to the Dardanelles.

Among the wounded nursed by Mme Malan, who, in addition to her women's meetings and seconding her husband in the general mission work, is giving up a considerable part of her time to the Red Cross Society, there were also some Senegalais. One of them, hearing M. Malan speak about God, asked, "*Toi, Marabout?*" ("Are you a Marabout?" [a Moslem priest]) This man loved to hear about the Lord, and would say in pigeon-French, "*Y a bon, y a bon!*" ("Good, good!")

As time went on, the troops were drawn off without being replaced, and refugees began to arrive. In order to get a hold on the civilian, especially on that portion of the civil population which is indifferent to church-going, M. Malan arranged a series of lectures, under the general title "The Allied Nations," procuring in this way nineteen occasions to preach to large audiences on "The Redemption of the World by Jesus Christ." A lecture on Portugal, for instance, gave the lecturer an opportunity to call forth from the page of history the heroic figure of Vasco da Gama, who opened up new water-ways to Europe by doubling that terrible Cape of Storms to be known henceforth as the Cape of Good Hope. This historical fact was made to symbolize that other terrible promontory, called Death, divested of its terrors since Christ opened a new life beyond the grave, and "death by dying slew."

SERBS IN FRANCE

"The Lord granted to these lectures a success surpassing all our hopes," says M. Malan. "The mission hall was often too small to contain all who came." One day, when the congregation was unusually small owing to a heavy downpour of rain, two Serbian deputies dropped in, probably to find shelter from the wet. When they heard that Serbia was to be the subject of the next lecture, they said, "We are coming to it, fifty Serbian deputies." And they came. On that evening, Mme Malan, who, by the way, is one of Mme Dalencourt's many "daughters," sang the beautiful Serbian national hymn,

so full of Christian spirit, to this effect: "Lord Omnipotent, Thou who hast so often saved us from defeat, hear our voice rising up to Thee, and protect our arms. Defend our vessel. Guide towards a happy destiny the Serbian nation and her king. May the Serbs, with foreheads unsullied, never deserve Thy anger! Bless, O Lord, our villages, our fields, our meadows, our cities, and our homes. Listen to our prayer: Bless, O Lord, our king."

What a world of difference between this and the Argentine national hymn, from which every word that might read like a recognition of God is jealously excluded! A fortnight later the same men listened to another lecture on "Serbia and Her Psychology." Thus, on two magnificent occasions, a representative of the McAll Mission made the utmost of his opportunity to preach the Gospel to fifty members of the Skouptchina.

The best item in M. Malan's Report was perhaps the last one, though it touched but a single individual. During some weeks an intelligent-looking Englishman attended the meetings regularly, and listened with concentrated attention. He refused an invitation to the preacher's home, but later wrote that, after having been all his life a materialist, he had recently renounced this sad and barren religion. He returned to England rejoicing in a Saviour.—W. M. (*From "The Christian."*)

LA SEMEUSE AT VANNES

M. JULES SAINTON

We have had our Movable Hall here for four years. In August, 1914, it was requisitioned, and our work thus arrested. Our meetings continued, it is true, in the little hall at Trussac, but the distance from the town prevented many from attending regularly. It was only last November that the hall was given over to us again, and in these months we have not been able to get together such good audiences as we had before. Still we have been greatly encouraged in finding nearly all our former *habitués* coming round us. They have said how sad they had been without the meetings, and how thankful they were at the reopening of the hall. We found them full of zeal and with a fresh energy, and listening with still greater

attention to the Gospel message, as though they were determined to make up for the lost time. We have found that, during these months of silence, the good work has been going forward. As plants strengthen their roots in the winter, so our friends have had the power of the Holy Spirit working in them, deepening the impression received, and confirming their faith in Christ and in His Gospel.

One fact that has been very encouraging in showing the firmness and the tenacity of the majority of our *habitués*, and which has special importance in Brittany, is their steady attendance at the meetings during the great feasts of the Church, especially during Easter. For a Breton man, and especially for a Breton woman, not to *faire ses Pâques** is a terrible sin. Now, in the confessional, the priest always asks his people, if he suspects them of having anything to do with us, if they do not attend our meetings. Unless they give a strict promise never to set foot in our hall, there is no absolution for them. This explains the sometimes sudden disappearance of certain Roman Catholics who at first followed all the meetings with much interest, and especially the Bible studies. One of such said that he delighted in coming to the hall, and was greatly surprised at hearing the priest tell him he could not receive absolution unless he pledged his word to break with us. Indignant and touched in his conscience, the man stood up in the confessional, and said boldly, "You may give me absolution or not, as you please, but as for preventing my attending the meeting in the hall, you cannot do that, for there I find the Light of the Gospel that you have never shown me." Needless to say, he never entered the confessional again, for he found at the feet of the Saviour forgiveness for all his sins, and his progress in the truth has been most encouraging.

A woman, who had long been coming to the meetings, was called one day by the priest, who wanted to force her to give up coming. "If that is why you have called me here," said she, rising from her chair, "you are losing your time, for I have found the Light in those meetings, and without them I should always have been in darkness, and this Light you have

* "Make one's Easter."

never shown me." She has been much blessed since thus taking her stand.

Facts of this kind show how solid has been the work accomplished, as our regular hearers have thus given up accomplishing what they term "their religious duties" at these great church festivals, preferring *La Semeuse* to the confessional, the Gospel to priestly absolution, and thus separating themselves in a measure from the Church which does not supply their spiritual needs since they have been enlightened and comforted by the Gospel of the grace of God. All our people have, of course, the New Testament, and those who cannot read ask a better instructed neighbor to read to them. During the closing of the hall, this excellent habit of reading the Scriptures regularly was the great help in keeping alive the work. Of course, in many cases, the life is but feeble, but with the character of these Bretons, there is every hope that it will grow and become strong, for once won by the truth, they remain firm and do not yield to persecution. Some have already had to suffer for their faith, one lost his place and was for a time without employment because he would not break with us. So the work has struck deep roots in the granite soil, and if the plant is yet frail and delicate, it is vigorous and full of promise.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF FRANCE AND THIS WAR

GEORGES GALLIENNE, JR.

I write as a boy scout to give you some account of the first troop of boy scouts which was founded in France. Like all the rest, it has been much tried by the war, and like many of the other troops it has lost its President, for, as you know, my father was mobilized as chaplain at the beginning of the war. Thus the whole responsibility of this troop falls upon me. I direct it, lead it out to maneuver and in short, undertake all the duties and cares which belong to the direction of thirty urchins. Nearly all my fellow scouts of the same age as myself—17 years—are having similar responsibilities, and thus thanks to their young leaders the Boy Scouts of France are still in existence. Even the younger scouts are behaving very well and do all in their power to help their young leaders.

A certain number, though so young, have gone to the war. In my own troop five have been called to the front. One of them, a lad of fifteen years, has been wounded twice. He followed a regiment of infantry which went from Morlaix, and having got a khaki uniform marched with them. He was in Belgium and at Charleroi in the retreat, was defeated at the great battle of the Marne where he was slightly wounded in the thumb by a shell. Left behind he was fed and lodged in the Cirque de Paris with all the other refugees. After some days he searched for a troop of boy scouts and soon enrolled himself with my own boys. He remained all the winter in Paris and during the spring, but when summer came he returned to the front with one of his friends, 15 years old. They went first to Bourget, the largest military railway station in France, which is quite near Paris. There they hid in a carriage full of soldiers and went off with them. At Soissons they lived in the trenches of the first line for nearly a month and would have stayed longer, but unfortunately during a furious bombardment Maurice was seriously wounded in the chest. He was sent back again with his comrade and after some time in a hospital has been cured again. He is now with his friend in Paris, both hoping to return to the front.

Here is the story of another of my boys, a real Paris gamin. Not knowing what to do in summer, he "went for a holiday to the front." He also left by Bourget and went to the Argonne. Once there, he did a little of everything, sometimes in the trenches, then going here and there as messenger. At last he succeeded, I do not know how, in becoming cyclist to the Colonel of his company. They lent him a bicycle and for some time he had the hard work of carrying dispatches. When August and September had passed, he returned to his usual work in Paris, having had, as he often says, "a most wonderful holiday."

Two others of my scouts, 15 and 16 years old. These two left Paris on foot and walked as far as Arras, about sixty miles. But they only had a fortnight at the front for one day the *gendarme* found them out and sent them back to Paris, where they now are. (It is really forbidden that such young

boys go to fight. But in spite of this, many do it, chiefly among the Boy Scouts of France.)

However, though the older boys manage to go to war, the younger ones, from 11 to 14 years, are not idle. In fact, since the war broke out, they have done good work in the town-halls, the hospitals, barracks and everywhere where they may be needed. They have filled all sorts of positions as hospital attendants, despatch carriers, etc., and it is not too much to say that they have rendered valuable service. They are still trying hard to help in every way.

Thus you will see what the war is doing for the Boy Scouts of France. They are working hard, not for reward but simply because it is their duty.

What is greatly troubling us leaders just now is that we are not able to take our dear young scouts for those fine long walks, or to let them have the camping out in tents for a fortnight, as we used to do before the war. They would be so happy to go and it would do them much good. But we cannot do it for we have no funds, and all those who used to furnish us with money for the long walks and the camps have themselves gone to the war and naturally can give us nothing now.

WAR "GODSONS"

[A few members of Auxiliaries have undertaken to be "war-god-mothers" to French soldiers. The following extracts from two of these *filleuls* will perhaps encourage others of us to assume the rewarding duty.—EDITOR.]

FROM A FILLEUL OF AN OFFICER OF THE ORANGE AUXILIARY

[He said it was my fête day, and had sent me some pressed flowers, —that is the reference.—C. J. F.]

"The pansies will tell you how much I think of you. They will tell you also how much we love and admire you noble, foreign women, with such French hearts, made of kindness without bounds, of unwearied generosity. We will never forget that, thanks to your initiative, thousands of Belgian civilians, old men, women, and children, have been succored under the eye of the tyrant. And now, thousands of human beings—thanks again to your care, receive their daily bread.

These little flowers of France, picked among the ruins, will tell you also, O noble American women, that on your fête days we are happy to prove to you our gratitude.

[This boy has lately died on the Field of Honor.—C. J. F.]

FROM ANOTHER FILLEUL OF THE SAME OFFICER

"I am pained to tell you that our Pastor Nick has been wounded in the wrist, by the ball from a mitrailleuse, while doing his duty. For he followed the soldiers in advance under the fire of the enemy—not fearing at all to expose his life in order to save the souls of the soldiers falling under the fire—to try to lead to God in their last moment these wandering sheep. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which caused great joy among the Evangelical Christians. This slight wound does not put his life in danger, and I think he will return to us before it is healed, for he loves us.

Our regiment has been named for the "Order of the Army," for its attitude and its marvellous enthusiasm during the attack. Therefore all the regiment will have the *fourragère*. This is a cord attached to the shoulder, which passing behind is fastened on the chest by two buttons to the tunic. I hope that we soon will have chased them from France.

LA VILLETTE

A. GARDIOL

We have been sorely tried by the loss of some of our regular attendants, who have gone home to the Lord, never to suffer more, never to sin again—thank God! After our beloved Mrs. Benham, whose memory is living and blessed to us all, it was the turn of a young soldier, killed in an assault. He was a precious helper in our Blue Cross circle, a living and faithful Christian and is deeply regretted by us all.

Andréa Leclère, for eighteen years one of our regular attendants, has also seen the departure of her dear mother after many years of illness. Of this Catholic family we have led to the Gospel Andréa, her sister, and one of her brothers. Her mother, who since her marriage had never attended the Catholic Church, used always to listen with interest to the readings and conversations that we had with Andréa during our visits. Though she never confessed her faith in Jesus

Christ, we have every reason to believe that the good Shepherd, who knows his sheep has received her into His heavenly fold. M. de Grenier-Latour kindly conducted the funeral service at the house and the cemetery. God blessed his message. We know that it gave consolation to many, strengthening them in the Christian hope of eternal life. Two of her sons are at the front and could not come to accompany her to her last resting place.

After the death of her mother Andréa went to live with a sister-in-law at Saint Maur. No one in the house or neighborhood knew the Gospel, nor thought about God. Andréa, who plays the violin, began to play hymn tunes, and thus attracted to her windows the children who were playing in the garden below. Then she began by forming a few into a little class; these brought others, and soon there were fifteen, who came every day after school to learn to sing hymns and hear the "wonderful stories" of the Bible. After a while she distributed old pictures and *Rayons du Soleil* (Sunday school papers) among them.

For a long time Andréa had been Mme Chenay's assistant in our Infant Class, so she was no novice in the art of interesting and teaching children. At Christmas time a few of our friends carried to her a little tree with candles and a few "surprises" for the children. So a joyful fête took place, before a few parents who had accepted an invitation. Every one was enchanted with the hymns, the verses and the appropriate little poems recited by the children.

Our dear Andréa is infirm and for two years past heart disease has made it impossible for her to go out, but her love for the Saviour makes her ingenious to devise ways of serving him, and this makes the joy of her life.

Notwithstanding the horrors of this war, which weigh so heavily upon us, how many favors have we received, how many precious experiences have been ours! How I love to hear our friends (all of whom have sons, husbands or brothers at the front, or wounded or prisoners) tell us of their sufferings, their sorrows, with never a word of hatred of our enemies; they leave to God the care of judging them. Our Mothers' Meetings have exerted an efficacious influence in this matter.

The clothes sent to us from America made many of our little people happy. A certain waist seemed to have been made to measure for a dear grandmother, who had precisely none. A little baby's pinning blanket, too small for any child in our school, remained in our cupboard until February, when one of my juniors told me in confidence that her mother was expecting a little brother, and asked me if it would be possible for her to make him a little flannel pinning blanket, because mamma could not buy one; papa was at the war, and she could not bear that little brother should be cold. I was happy to give her one at once; the little brother arrived two days later. Another little Junior, whose papa is also at the front, and her mother dead for a year past, was literally in rags. We were able to clothe her warmly. Still another had for her only clothing some old aprons pieced together, which did duty as chemise, petticoat and dress. It warmed one's heart to see her little face light up with pleasure at the sight of chemises and a new frock. Thank you, thank you all, who have thought of us and are enabling us by these gifts to bring solace to some of those miseries which are at our side every day.

M. Merle d'Aubigné has been in Scotland, representing the Mission. An Ayrshire newspaper gave a fine résumé of his address, in which, after describing the spirit of France in the midst of great sacrifices and touching upon the economic condition of soldiers' families, he discussed the question of the influence of the present war upon the religious spirit. Though in the opening days the Roman Catholic churches were crowded, yet it is found that less than ten per cent. of the people now attend mass, the war having clearly brought out the opposition between the French Spirit, broad and friendly, and the Roman spirit, narrow and oppressive, especially since the unwillingness of the Pope to express disapproval of the acts of the invaders of Belgium. Still, he went on, it may be anticipated that many of the 20,000 priests who are fighting most gallantly will return to their parishes with broader views, and more spiritually minded than before the war. What the people need is gospel teaching of the most elementary kind, and this the McAll Mission endeavors to give.

HOME DEPARTMENT

In Memory of Miss Georgia B. McIlhenny

The American McAll Association has experienced a heavy loss in the death, on October 23, of Miss Georgia B. McIlhenny, a Director of the Board, whose discriminating judgment, self-forgetting activity, lovely manners, and unflinching devotion to the cause made her service invaluable, and endeared her to everyone of her associates. From childhood her marked characteristics have been fearlessness, truthfulness, unselfishness, generosity and loving kindness and every noble characteristic was devotedly placed at the service of Christ's cause in France through the McAll Mission. She had to an unusual degree "the seeing eye," and her letters from foreign countries and distant parts of her native land were a delight to her friends. How sorely she will be missed from the counsels of the American McAll Association words fail to express. Those she has left to mourn her can only show their appreciation by a new endeavor to serve the cause as she served it.

At the regular meeting of the Board in November, the following resolution was offered by Mrs. Dimock and adopted:

We, the managing Board of the American McAll Association, learn with the deepest sorrow of the death of our associate, Miss Georgia B. McIlhenny. In her we lose a lovely and courteous friend, and a Board member constant in attendance, unflinching in interest and ever prompt to carry out the duties of her position. We wish that an expression of our love and sorrow, and our deep sympathy with the members of her family, may be conveyed to them and entered upon the books of the Association for an abiding memorial.

The Presidents' Conference

An admirable leaflet, gathering up the important subjects discussed at that Conference on October 25, 1916, has been prepared by the Committee on Forward Work and is doubtless by this time in the hands of all Auxiliary officers. At that Conference were present eleven National officers, twenty-six Auxiliary Presidents other than National officers, or their

delegates, ten representatives of Junior Auxiliaries; and the topics discussed brought out very many admirable suggestions in which every Auxiliary should find help for future work.

The topics were:

I. Do a good working Constitution and By-Laws make for permanency and effectiveness?

II. Responsibilities and duties of officers.

III. The Program.

IV. The RECORD.

V. How can the Central Board be of more service to you?

Under the last topic the subsidiary questions of War Relief Work and Junior Work were very helpfully discussed. The inspiring mark was set of *Fifty Junior Auxiliaries in 1922, the Mission's Jubilee*.

**A French Soldier
at the Conference**

An important feature of the Conference, not finding a place in the leaflet, was an address by M. Jean Picard, who has recently returned from the front. In a clear analysis of spiritual tendencies he showed that the general offering up of French manhood and French womanhood in the fervor of patriotism and devotion which has astonished the world was a religious movement of high spirituality, and declared that the future of the McAll Mission lies in its effort to give the people of France what they want in a religious sense. No mission, he said, can do effective work in France except by following the McAll method. No better opportunity can be found to do a great mission work than the opportunity which the mission now offers.

**For the
McAll Sunday**

The following letter has been sent to every Auxiliary. It is hardly to be questioned that in this time of intense and admiring interest in France, the officers of every Auxiliary in this country will see to it that the interests of the McAll Mission are presented to every Sunday School within their sphere of influence.

In accordance with our custom, the *third Sunday in January* will be observed as *McAll Sunday*. This is near the time when many auxiliaries do their "collecting" and the season when McAll should be "in the air." This year the Board will issue an attractive cardboard folder,

the outside of which shows the goodly company gathered at the 1915 Christmas Fête in the Salle Centrale.

It is urged that you at once appoint a committee which will arrange for a place for McAll on the programs of the Sunday Schools of your city on January 21st, when the folder can be distributed, an informal talk given and, so far as possible, an offering made for work among the young people of France.

In order that we may know what numbers of the folder will be needed, will you send orders for these as soon as possible to Miss Harvey, naming the date that you desire to have them reach you?

LILIAN F. KELLEY,

Secretary of Sunday School Work.

Buffalo On the afternoon of November 18th was held a joint drawing-room meeting of the Senior and Junior Auxiliaries. The speaker of the afternoon was Miss Martha K. Lawson, her address being on the topic, "Footprints and Stepping Stones." A plan was presented for the raising of money for French Relief Work. Members who were willing to save waste paper, magazines, newspapers, etc., for three months to be called for by a junk dealer with whom arrangements had been made, were asked to give their names. The collection of paper will begin in January, when it is expected prices will have advanced beyond the present good figures. A delightful social hour followed the interesting McAll program, the hostess being assisted by young women of her church and the Junior officers.

On the evening of the same day a dinner was given at the College Club by the Junior Auxiliary in honor of Miss Lawson. About fifty members and guests were seated at one large table arranged in the form of the letter I. The table was attractive with flowers, candles, ferns and little French and American flags. Miss Lawson's place was marked with a corsage bouquet. The places of other guests of honor and the Junior officers were marked with name cards. After dinner we adjourned to the reception hall, where we grouped ourselves about Miss Lawson in true girls' conference fashion for a cosy informal talk. Miss Lawson talked with us on "A Girl's Power." The evening passed pleasantly. Our effort to appeal to the "social girl"

had been rewarded, for we added five new names to our membership list that night and received expressions of deep interest from others. The president had written notes of invitation to a number of girls inviting them to be present at the Saturday meetings.

On Sunday afternoon was held the Second Annual Rally of "The Children's McAll Auxiliary," in North Presbyterian Church. The Children's Auxiliary now numbers about one hundred and twenty boys and girls. For this rally, children of twenty-seven representative Sunday-schools were invited through announcements by bulletins and by verbal announcements for two Sundays; through McAll posters which were put up in the fifteen larger Sunday-schools on the Sunday preceding the Rally; and also through the distribution of three thousand dodgers announcing the rally, which were given to children of primary and intermediate departments on the day of the meeting. As soon as enough children had arrived, the singing of good familiar songs, under good leadership, was begun. In this way the children's interest was gained at once and there was no irksome waiting for the meeting to begin. Miss Lawson made it an interesting story hour for the children with two groups of stories. The second group incidentally gave the children a good conception of McAll work with children in France and ways in which they can help. A children's meeting, probably another "Snipping Party," was announced for January, when the children are going to bring also woolen clothing for the little French girls and boys. An invitation was extended to join the Children's Auxiliary. A Junior choir from Asbury Methodist Church sang very well indeed. A roll call by Sunday-schools was an interesting part of the program. The Sunday-school having the largest representation was presented with a silk French flag which it holds until next year, when the flag goes to the Sunday-school earning it in like manner. Lafayette Presbyterian Sunday-school, with about fifty boys and girls present, won the flag, with Asbury Methodist a very close second. The children love their auxiliary and are interested little workers.

Providence The Board of Managers met with the Advisory Board of ministers of various denominations and Bishop Perry, at the house of Miss Eleanor Greene, to hear the report of Mrs. Goss, the delegate to the President's Conference, and to endorse a letter to be sent out to every Protestant Sunday School in Rhode Island in behalf of the Sunday School Memorial Fund established late last year. On November 4th the Auxiliary gave a luncheon at the Narragansett Hotel with Miss Florence St. John Baldwin, president of the Boston Auxiliary, as the very acceptable speaker. Invitations to this luncheon were printed on the back of the card "What Dr. John R. Mott said of the McAll Mission," an idea which will surely be adopted in many Auxiliaries. Miss Baldwin's inspiring address was on "The Past, Present and Future of the McAll Mission." Plans for insuring on a firm foundation a city-wide and state-wide interest in the McAll Mission have been carefully elaborated and are making good progress.

About the Boats Leaders of Young People's Guilds who wish to refresh the memory of their members will find in *Everyland* for last August "The Story of Two Boats," by Miss Martha A. S. Shannon (Corresponding Secretary of the Boston Auxiliary) resuming the history of *Le Bon Messenger* and *La Bonne Nouvelle*.

The Field Secretary on the Western Round Too late for more than brief allusion here, the Field Secretary was in Pittsburgh on October 23d, going thence to the other western Auxiliaries, including Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, ending at Detroit and Cleveland, shortly before Thanksgiving.

In former days the population of the Faubourg was largely composed of Alsatians. Now they have nearly all left for Montreuil, or farther off, and their houses are for the most part occupied by immigrants from the Balkans, or by Ruthenians. These began to flock in before the War, but there are now naturally a large number of refugees.

"The Jewish father of three children came to the hall, to the Christmas fête. Another boy's father is dead, and the mother was not easily reached by our biblewoman because they speak only Yiddish. And this reminds me forcibly of visits I made thirty years ago to the father of one of the first converts in the hall of the Rue de la Tacherie, whose confidence I gained at once by reading a page of the Hebrew Bible. The McAll Mission is a field where one can make varied kinds of study!" Thus writes Mr. Greig.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

OCTOBER 12—DECEMBER 12, 1916

MASSACHUSETTS, \$651 00	MARYLAND, \$510 00
Andover Friends \$11 00	Baltimore Auxiliary \$500 00
Boston, Legacy from estate of	Roland Park Presbyterian
Chastine L. Cushing..... 500 00	Church 10 00
Holyoke, 2d Cong'l Church... 60 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$344 65
Worcester Auxiliary..... 80 00	Washington Auxiliary \$292 25
	Balance of legacy from estate
CONNECTICUT, \$452 30	of Mary E. Goodwin..... 52 40
New Haven Auxiliary..... \$347 00	OHIO, \$161 62
Norwich Auxiliary 105 30	Dayton Auxiliary \$134 62
NEW YORK, \$816 00	Indianapolis Auxiliary 27 00
Buffalo Auxiliary \$50 00	ILLINOIS, \$1,155 00
New York Auxiliary..... 441 00	Chicago Auxiliary \$875 00
Troy Auxiliary 325 00	Lake Forest 280 00
NEW JERSEY, \$218 50	MISSOURI, \$50 00
Elizabeth Auxiliary \$100 00	St. Louis Auxiliary..... \$50 00
Orange Auxiliary 81 50	MINNESOTA, \$390 05
Princeton Auxiliary 37 00	Minneapolis Auxiliary \$75 00
PENNSYLVANIA, \$740 97	St. Paul Auxiliary..... 315 05
Chester Auxiliary \$205 00	MICHIGAN, \$280 00
Philadelphia Auxiliary 324 97	Battle Creek \$20 00
Pittsburgh Auxiliary 100 00	Detroit Auxiliary 260 00
Sewickley Auxiliary 100 00	CALIFORNIA, \$10 00
Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary 11 00	Palo Alto \$10 00

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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